

## CONGO EXPLORATIONS.

### A CORRESPONDENT'S OBSERVATIONS.

Interesting Description of Some of Stanley's Stations. The Real Difficulty in Exploring the River—A Graphic Account of Stanley Pool.

[Cor. London Telegraph.]

Leopoldville, like most of Mr. Stanley's stations, is placed on rising ground, but it does not occupy for its site the exact summit of a hill, being built on what may be called a semi-circular ledge round the slope facing the expanding pool. The principal edifice of the station is a large two-story house, made of wood, brick, and a sort of mud-plaster. The roof is of thatch, for the sake of coolness, and all the frame-work of the house is composed of huge beams of wood, apparently of great strength, but really a source of weakness, as the wood is being constantly eaten through by the white ants and other insect pests, so that frequently a beam gives way, and is renewed only just in time to save the structure.

From this promenade, views of great beauty may be obtained over the distant pool and the neighboring forest, and in the cool evening-time it forms a pleasant walk to stroll on while waiting for dinner. Here, too, in the early morning, the Chief of the station passes all the Zanzibaris in review.

Leopoldville boasts of a convenient little harbor in front of the station, protected by a spit of woodland which projects into the Congo. Of course, here all the falls are over, or rather, following the course of the stream, have not yet begun—the first takes place close to Leopoldville, a little behind the station—so that navigation from this little port is open and untroubled for nearly a thousand miles into the interior. There are, however, minor difficulties still to be encountered. When the wooded spit of low ground forming the port is rounded the land begins to raise and the forest to disappear, and at Calina Point a cliff of about fifty feet rises abruptly from the water. A fearful current races round this promontory, difficult to stem even in a steamer, but really dangerous for native canoes going against the stream.

Here last December Lieutenant Calina, an Austrian member of the expedition, was drowned. He would insist on ascending the Congo in a small native canoe, and being, moreover, very tall, man, and for some reason choosing to seat himself on a large chest in the stern, he rendered the balance very unstable. The little craft was badly steered, met the rush of the current broadside, as it whirled round this point, and was instantly capsized. Lieutenant Calina was drowned, and his name has since been given to this precipitous cliff.

Almost opposite to Calina Point, which might from its commanding situation be called the Gibraltar of the pool, is Mwila, a little native village, so insignificant in size and situation that it would be passed over without remark were it not that it has been noisily christened before all Europe as "Brazzaville." It is here that De Brazza claims to have secured a session of territory to the French Republic nine miles in length. "Brazzaville" consists of a very few native huts, half buried in banana and backed by thick forest. On the left-hand side, facing the pool, there is a small creek, which might be developed into a tiny harbor, and there is a fine and fertile island, as yet uninhabited save by chance fishermen, which might be successfully developed by the French; but save these two advantages, not rare anywhere in Stanley Pool, it is difficult to discover any favorable point in this situation, or even to avoid the conclusion that it is a badly chosen site for a station. Calina Point is not likely to come into the hands of the French, as I believe a previous contract now exists between the native chiefs in the vicinity and Mr. Stanley.

Before I proceed to a further description of Stanley Pool and its inhabitants, I might mention, for those who like statistics, that this great expanse of the Congo is about twenty-five miles long by sixteen broad, and that its depth varies from two to three feet to thirty fathoms. There are about seventeen islands of note, the largest being thirteen miles long. Many sand-banks also strewn the waters of the pool, and floating islets are often seen, masses of reeds, papyrus and aquatic vegetation, which have become so solidly knit together that a man can stand on them. These are often of some extent, and may be taken for real islands until their motion with the current is observed. White egrets and many water birds frequent them, and the hippopotami play round their edges. On the low islands are many elephants and buffaloes, which creatures swim backward and forward from the mainland with ease. Innumerable water birds, storks, pelicans, cormorants, herons, egrets, sacred ibis, spur-winged and Egyptian geese, terns, and "scissortails" frequent the thick tangles of high grass and the many sand-banks, where they form strange groups with the crocodiles, who are wont to be basking in the sun with a fixed grin playing about their closed jaws.

The people inhabiting the shores of Stanley Pool belong to the Bateke race, but they would seem to be recent arrivals and to have dispossessed the older inhabitants and driven them into the interior. Where the Bateke have settled on the south or eastern bank of the Congo they have formed riverine colonies, and never extend their settlements many miles from their banks.

#### A Preacher Caught Stealing Sermons.

[Boston Herald.]

There is considerable excitement in New Milford, Conn., over the resignation of Rev. J. B. Bonar, of the Congregational Church. Mr. Bonar has been preaching, it is said, very scholarly and powerful sermons, but it is found that they were not his own, but selected entirely from printed books of sermons. Mr. Mygatt, son of the bank examiner, discovered the plagiarism, and on Sunday he brought the printed book and followed the preacher word for word. Mr. Bonar offered to the leaders of his church as an explanation and apology that his wife was in poor health and himself was pressed for time, so he could not write.

#### Both Drowned.

John M. Hale, a well-known merchant, of New York, was drowned at Parkersburg, W. Va., while trying to save the life of his son, a lad of thirteen years. The latter got beyond his depth, and his father went to his rescue, and both were drowned.

## MULDOON MADE A VICTIM.

### Bets That He Could Not Throw a Big Blacksmith—His Failure to Do So.

[San Francisco Post.]

Charles Duane, Senator McCarthy, Jim Brizel, John Gilbert, the comedian, and other jokers were recently talking to Wrestler Muldoon about a blacksmith named McFadden, who, they claimed, had originated a peculiar manner of bracing his feet so as to render his being thrown impossible. The champion blandly explained to the boys that any such foothold was out of the question, and illustrated the fact that no matter how big and heavy a wrestler might be, he was liable to be lifted clear off his feet.

"That's all very well, Mull," said Duane, shaking his head solemnly, "but you haven't tried this man McFadden yet. I'd like to see a basket of champagne for the crowd that you can't budge him."

The bet was accepted, and in an hour or two one of the plot was rushed in and formed the crowd that McFadden was in the saloon just opposite, and was willing to wrestle off-hand.

"That's the man, is it?" asked Muldoon, grimly, as they entered the saloon and discovered a short, thick-set individual standing in the middle of the floor, with his feet braced about two feet apart and with a do-or-die expression on his face. "Well, I'll just make it two baskets that I'll budge him in three minutes by the clock."

"Done!" shouted the crowd, and catching a favorable grip on the blacksmith, Muldoon gave a little preliminary tussle and a tremendous side wrench that would have uprooted a lamp-post.

"Big the other man didn't budge," said the champion backed off from his opponent and looked at him with an astonished expression that was almost a play.

"Well, I'll be blowed!" he muttered, and taking off his coat and vest he rolled up his sleeves with an expression that meant a cold day and a slippery evening for the other man. Quick as lightning he caught his favorite neck-lock on the blacksmith, and twisting his shoulders under the little man's chin gave a heave that would have sent an ordinary man through the ceiling.

But the other man never budged. After some frightened efforts Muldoon dropped his hold with a scared expression, and staggering over to a chair, wiped his face.

"Boys," said the athlete, huskily, "this lets me out. My heart's broke. I'll never wrestle any more." And amid the "joshing" of his friends he led the party back to his quarters and set up the wine.

While the crowd was pouring down the rooster, and grinning at each other, the by-ones digging up a mauling, the dazed champion stepped out to see what had become of the blacksmith. As he entered one door of the saloon he saw his opponent walking out of the other in his stocking feet. In the middle of the room stood a huge pair of lace breeches.

"They were screwed to the floor," said the crowd.

A Swallowing Match.

[Philadelphia Bulletin.]

Clark Cabell, of Willowbrook, is a hunter and fisherman. The other day he was fishing in the Delaware. He hooked a fine chub, but lost it in raising it from the water. Soon afterward a two-pound gel took the bait, but that slipped off, too. Cabell quit fishing in disgust. On his way home he saw a large crane standing in the river watching for a fish. Cabell hurried home, got his gun and went back to kill the crane. He got a fair sight at it at short range, fired, but missed it. The crane flew slowly away. Cabell said he guessed it wasn't his day for sport and went home.

The same night Cabell placed a snare in the river. When he went to it next morning, he saw a crane standing in the water directly over the line. It raised its foot, but something pulled it back. Cabell caught it. It had swallowed one of his hooks. Further investigation revealed the fact that the reason the crane had swallowed the hook was because there was a two-pound cod on it at the time, and further, that a one-pound chub had taken the hook before the cod had swallowed it. The chub had been caught on the bait. The cod had come along and gobbled the chub. Then the crane had taken in the cod and Cabell took them all in. He insists that the chub, the cod and the crane are the same ones he had lost during the day.

Goaded to Death by Her Sin.

[Chicago Herald.]

A living eddy of sin and intemperance in the guise of a woman sixty years of age, blue-eyed and withered from excess and palsy-stricken in every limb, tried twice last evening to hang herself in the Rawson Street Station. She was a Polish woman named Leticia Liscinski, and lived in the rear of 22 McHenry street. For years she has been a slave to liquor, and all her money has gone for drink. She was arrested last night for being drunk and disorderly. Soon after she was discovered, hanging to the bars of her cell. Her sin, twisted into a rope, formed the noose, and the strings were securely tied about her throat. She was cut down at once, but repeated the attempt as soon as the guards were out of sight. The second time she was also cut down apparently none the worse from her experience. Four months ago she tried to shoot herself.

A Negro Slave Crops.

[LaGrange (Ky.) Special to Chicago Tribune.]

Ben Alexander, a negro, confined in the jail at this place, hung himself to-day. He came here with O'Brien's circus, and became involved in difficulty with other employees of the circus, was arrested, and got fifty days in jail. Since his confinement he has been "playing circus," and had arranged some stunts across the corridors of the jail on which he practiced. To-day, while the windows of the jail were filled with small boys, he appeared attired in a piece of red calico around his loins and a blue ribbon around his neck. He informed them that he would show them "how O'Brien's men swing on the slack rope suspended by the neck." He adjusted the rope in a slack or running noose, and swung off. And, although the jailer was there in two minutes afterwards, he was dead, beyond any appliances that could be used in restoring respiration.

Brave Engineer Higgins.

A locomotive on the Elizabethtown Railway was thrown from the track by running over a cow, and Engineer Higgins fell under the boiler, where he was enveloped in scalding steam. "Leave me," he cried to the men who were trying to pull him out, "and flag No. 7 right away." This was done, and a terrible wreck prevented, while the brave engineer was being burned to death.

## AFTER MANY YEARS.

### A Sister's Search for a Long-Lost Brother Finally Rewarded.

[Shelbyville (Ky.) dispatch to the Courier-Journal.]

A Shellyville (Ky.) dispatch to the Courier-Journal says: Jack and his sister, the arrival of the evening train last night a handsome and stylish young lady put in an appearance at the Armstrong Hotel and registered as Miss E. E. Shea, of New York City. Her appearance and manner, in connection with her excited inquiries for one Mr. W. J. Shea, and her keen desire to see him, made her the object of much curiosity and attention. Upon investigation it was ascertained that she was in search of a brother who mysteriously disappeared from New York some seven years ago, and until within the past few days had never been heard of. Her story is quite a romance and would be the foundation for a first-class novel. It is as follows: She is the daughter of a wealthy wholesale shoe merchant doing business in New York City. Her brother, of whom she is in search, was some ten years ago established by his father in the hardware business in their native city. Owing to his attention and wild habits, after a brief business career of three years he tangled his affairs in such a manner that, mortified and disheartened, he left his business and home, never making known to his relatives, his residence or occupation. About a year and a half ago his father and sister, having been unable to learn anything concerning the whereabouts of their brother, started from home determined to find him if possible. They traveled all over the Union, spending quite a large sum of money, with no success, and were fast coming to the conclusion that their search would be in vain, and were on their way home from New Orleans when they accidentally learned that a man by the name and answering the description of the lost one was in some part of Kentucky engaged in the sewing machine business. Arriving in Louisville they made inquiries of the machine firms and learned that such a party was in Shelbyville. The father went by this time exhausted by hard travel and compelled to rest. The sister, encouraged and strengthened by the hope of meeting her brother, halted not, but alone boarded the Shelby train and, on arriving there, was rewarded for her weary but patient search by finding the long-lost brother alive and well.

Mr. Shea has been living in this place for the past two years. About three years ago he met the daughter of Mr. Henry C. Perry, of this place, in Louisville, and after a brief courtship they were married. From Louisville he and wife moved to Lexington and from that point they came here.

FRIGHTENED TO DEATH.

A Nasty Boarder Frightens a Nervous Old Lady to Death, and then Escapes.

[Chicago Herald.]

The corpse of a woman, middle-aged and a cripple, was laid out in a back room on the third floor of the McNeill Building, at the corner of Clark and Quincy streets, yesterday afternoon, and two women, sisters of the deceased, who were engaged in robbing the body for the grave, said her death was caused by a shock or fright resulting from the willful attempt of John Connelly, a lodger in the house, to startle the other inmates. Among the latter are a number of Custom-House employees, and they entertain the same views as to the cause of the woman's death, and condemn Connelly, who is said to be a lawless, drunken fellow. He is a barber, and rooms on the fourth floor of the building. Mrs. Sherman, who has been in feeble health for years, occupied a room directly beneath the one in which Connelly lodged. A nervous disorder rendered her particularly sensitive to noise of any kind, and, aware of this, it is alleged, Connelly never lost an opportunity to harass the old lady. Sunday last he was unusually turbulent. He shouted, sang and yelled at the top of his voice, and hurled various small articles about his room. On Monday Connelly became intoxicated, and in the evening, while on the way to his room, encountered Mrs. Sherman in the hall-way, and, without any excuse for so doing, he compelled the old lady to pause while he blackguarded her in a shocking manner. John, the colored janitor of the building, was awakened by the uproar, and hastily ascended by means of a back stairway to ascertain the cause. Connelly fled to the next floor at his approach, but continued his abuse, calling Mrs. Sherman vile names and aspersing her character at every breath. She staggered into her room almost overcome by fright and sank to the floor as the colored man entered. He caught her in his arms and bore her to a lounge, but she lapsed into a state of unconsciousness from which she never revived. Dr. Tabor was summoned and everything was done to resuscitate the sufferer, but in vain, and at 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon she died. Immediately after the woman lost consciousness Connelly absented himself, and was not seen again about the house during the day.

THE MOABITE SHEEPSKIN.

An Alleged Rele That Does Not Stand the Test of Modern Sunlight.

[Philadelphia Times.]

The Moabite sheepskein Decalogue now in the British Museum turns out to be a fraud, and everybody is saying: "I told you so." Its grammar is not right. Its idioms are wrong. Wise professors are saying it is absurd to suppose that bits of sheepskin can have lasted three thousand years. So the preponderance of our new skepticism, like the preponderance of average life, appears to be against the Decalogue. Like the late ice-bound ark, it does not stand the test of modern sunlight, and hence it must go. This is a great pity. The old Decalogue was in need of moral support. Perhaps it was this thought that led the devout Shapira to invent the Moabite sheepskein. But inventions won't take the place of religious truth, even in these late times.

The Surviving Hen of Cassamicola.

[Paris Letter in the Boston Journal.]

French evening papers to-day tell a quaint story of an old woman of Ischia who was hedged in in the cellar of a house by a number of beams which had fallen about her without injuring her, but which had prevented her moving more than a few steps of either way during the three or four days of her imprisonment. When the soldiers who were clearing away the rubbish reached her and had succeeded in making a passage, one of them holding out his hands to help her up to the light and air, she placed in them a hen which had paraken of her captivity, and said to the man: "Get this to a place of safety first and I will look out for myself."

## THE CROPS.

### Results of the Wheat Harvest from Various Quarters and the Outlook for Crops Yet to be Secured.

DAKOTA.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Sept. 7.

The month of August closed with the harvest nearly ended in South Dakota, and rapidly approaching completion, with highly favorable weather, in North Dakota. A week of rainy weather, with southeast winds, injured the grain, the shock slightly and caused some growing and bleaching of the berry, thereby lowering the quality a little. The weather changed just in time to prevent a victorious harvest being turned into a disastrous defeat. The wind changed to the west and northwest with a stiff, cool breeze, and quickly dried out the grain ready for stacking. A noticeable feature of the harvest was the slow and deliberate manner in which the grain ripened. The ground being damp and the weather cool, it matured fully without any forcing process. The threshers have been at work for a week in Southern Dakota, and the yield thus far is exceeding the expectations of farmers. The extremes in Hanson County being sixteen and thirty-five bushels, with a probable average of twenty-two bushels. The report from Beadle County is exceptionally flattering, one field reporting thirty-seven and two-thirds bushels of thirty pounds. The weather is now excellent for threshing. The heavy dew is now moving to market liberally, the elevator men paying from seventy-five to eighty cents for No. 2. Oats suffered, perhaps, more than wheat from the weather, as they were more difficult to thresh. The crop of No. 1 is backward. The month has not been favorable for pushing it forward, although during the last week of August the higher range of temperature exerted a beneficial influence on the crop. Corn enters September with larger demands upon the month than usual, and while the risk of a good crop cannot be classed as hazardous, it is largely increased and hangs its dependence upon the elevation of the temperature. Potatoes are yielding well; the first planted are the best, and the second crop is coming on. The late crop of corn is coming on. The late crop of corn is coming on. The late crop of corn is coming on.

MINNESOTA.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Sept. 7.

The wheat crop west of Glencoe, and more particularly west of Milbrook, on the Hastings & Dakota Road, and the crop of the James River Valley, will be the largest and finest raised there since 1877. The yield is from eighteen to thirty-five bushels per acre, and there is a very large acreage of No. 1 hard. We shall get more of this wheat than heretofore unless we make serious mistakes. The best point about the wheat is an acre of Millbank and James River Valley is its dryness. They have had no rain there since June, and the wheat will never be wet. The wheat grown on the Breckenridge division of the Manitoba, beyond the timber belt, is of magnificent quality and yields largely. The timber wheat this year will prove to be badly shrunken. One or two of the hot spots did not do so well. The prairie wheat, did not do so well. The prairie wheat, did not do so well. The prairie wheat, did not do so well.

MICHIGAN.

LANSING, MICH., Sept. 7.

Returns received by the Secretary of State show that in the southern tier of counties 114,889 acres of wheat threshed yielded 1,737,520 bushels, an average of 15 bushels per acre. The acreage reported threshed 8 per cent. Total acreage, as returned by Supervisors, yield in southern tier of counties generally better, but in southern counties the yield is less, as estimated in July. Figures indicate a total yield in the State of about 23,600,000 bushels, or nearly 600,000 bushels less than the total crop estimated in July. To the question, "Which variety of wheat has given the highest yield per acre?" 101 correspondents in the southern four tiers of counties answer: Clawson, 60; Fultz, 55; Egyptian 22.

In the southern four tiers of counties, 24,183 acres of oats, threshed, yield 710,876 bushels, average 29.25 bushels per acre. No estimate for corn. Excessive rains this continued until late in July, and severe drought since, have nearly ruined the crop. Corn on high, sandy soil will doubtless be a poor crop. The corn crop in the southern part of the State promise less than one-fourth, and late peaches about one-third of an average crop.

ILLINOIS.

MARSHALL, ILL., Sept. 7.

Wheat threshing is nearly over, and according to the reports of the threshers the prospects are gloomier than ever. The crop is now reported to be less than one-fourth of an average. The acreage sown this fall will be from one-fourth to one-half less than last year in the various parts of the county, and unless rain falls soon even less than that. The ground is too hard to plow in the corn crop in the southern half of the county will be nearly up to the average, but in the northern will fall considerably below that.

EFFINGHAM, ILL., Sept. 7.

The drought still continues. There has been no rain of any consequence for over a month. The water in the wells and creeks is beginning to fail. The ground is so hard that farmers are unable to plow for wheat. Corn is suffering very much, and will be cut short one-half unless we get rain in a few days.

ROCKFORD, ILL., Sept. 7.

To-day has been the coldest day this fall, the mercury to-night dropping below 45 degrees. Farmers are getting discouraged at the poor prospects for a fair or average yield of corn. The season in the beginning was very backward, consequently, it was not planted till late. There are acres of corn throughout this county and vicinity that have not sired out at all, and if the frosts hold off two weeks longer, there will be over half a crop, there is that. Should we be visited by a heavy frost, the crop will be nearly worthless. The oats and hay crop was the best in this county for years. The yield of farm products will also be very large.

IOWA.

DURHAM, IOWA, Sept. 7.

The weather continues entirely favorable for corn, and the crops have made wonderful progress in the past few days of warm, rainy weather. Scarcely a doubt exists that it will mature in time to escape frost, in which case it will be the heaviest crop ever grown in this State. The ears are now almost matured and of full size. Farmers are still engaged in stacking wheat, oats, barley and rye, all of which have been gathered in the best average condition ever known. The country will be amazed at the wonderful crops of these grains this year. Flax is also a heavy crop. To-night the weather is cool and threatens frost.

## The Dorsey Revelations.

### We do not know how many vials of Revelation and how many seals ex-Senator Dorsey may still have to unseal, but his first book has had convincing testimony to its scriptural accuracy and fidelity.

It told the story of the corruption and purchase of a State, whereby the election of the whole country was corrupted. It told of contributions of money for that purpose by men who had no patriotic interests to serve, who had not even a political interest in the election, who did not care which party succeeded, but who did have a base, a sordid and venal interest in corrupting the very fountain-head and source of Federal justice in buying beforehand the nominations to the Supreme Bench. He has told the story with dates, names and particulars.

No witness has arisen to question or to deny the truth of the whole story. One prominent Republican editor, goaded to fury by a stinging insult, has called Dorsey "liar" and "rascal," and one Brooklyn politician, whose name was not mentioned in the story, has uttered a feeble expression of disbelief.

But of those who could speak as witnesses, of those really competent to give evidence of those who stood in the light of accomplices as well as of witnesses, whose reputation and good standing before their fellow-citizens are involved, not one has uttered one word of denial, contradiction, correction or disclaimer. They are dumb.

Jay Gould is charged with having subscribed a large sum of money on condition that he could secure the nomination of Supreme Court Judges who were friendly to his corporate interests. He does not deny it.

Huntington, who rests under the same charge, does not deny it.

Pension Commissioner Dudley, who was an active manager of the campaign, does not deny it.

Assistant Secretary of the Treasury John C. New, who is now the Real Secretary of the Treasury, was also a manager of this venal campaign, and he does not deny it.

Ex-Senator Platt, who delivered the money with his own hands, does not deny it.

Banker Stephenson, who poured out the golden stream, does not deny it.

All of these gentlemen and every one implicated in this shameful business, all of them have been asked again and again to deny the story, but they refuse to speak; they are dumb. Their silence is a confession of guilt as convincing as any explicit avowal could be.

By the use of money and by the influence of money Indiana and New York, two States which had previously voted Democratic, were bought; a National election was obtained by bribery and purchase; the steps of the Supreme Bench were tainted with the slime of venality and corruption.

The condemnation of the crime is worse than the crime itself. The silent and guilty criminals are not alone in their guilt. They are not outcast culprits. Not a bit of it. The party they have served stands by them. Not one Republican politician, not one Republican editor, not one member of the party has arisen to repudiate the bargain and the hucksters who made it.

On the contrary they glory in it. One of the most reputable *Advertiser* papers, the *Commercial Advertiser*, commends this corruption fund with the ammunition and rations of an army and laughs at "Sunday-school talk about money in elections" as "absurd."

Is this the worst? Have we reached the bottom? Or is there "within the lowest depth a deeper yet?" Unfortunately there is.

The worst of the matter, the worst of the whole bad business, is not that the criminals are silent, not that the accomplices are satisfied, not that the party of corruption rejoices in its corruption. The worst feature is the widespread, universal indifference, apathy, unconcern among the people.

Not to protest against such a crime is to acquiesce in it. Not to punish it is to invite a repetition of it; and yet, if the truth must be told, the people who were cheated, the people who were wronged, the people who were outraged and insulted are almost indifferent. A great political right has been turned into a farce; a great political power has been broken like glass; money has bought a State; money has elected a President; money has bought a reversion of the Supreme Bench; and, instead of the general outburst of indignation which should blaze across the country, we witness an indifference which can not be concealed—such indifference as lulled Rome to rest when a Jay Gould Crassus who had bought the Adulthood and finally bought the Consulship.

And with such a state of affairs they tell us that the remedy is in the Tariff, or in Civil-service Reform; that the great burning question of the day is that our clerks shall be able to pass examinations in fractions and geography, or that pig-iron shall be made to cost a quarter of a cent more a pound.

The question of the day is none of these.

It is Electoral Reform. We must protect the ballot-box. We must protect it against the open violence of the ruffian and against the subtler violence of the corruptionist. We must make the ballot represent the free choice of the voter. We must punish all crimes against the purity of elections—bribe-taking as well as bribe-giving.

That is the issue before the people of the United States to-day; that the cause in which the Democratic party is enlisted; the purpose that can give meaning to its councils and strength to its efforts. The issue is drawn clearly enough. The Republican party stands ranged in battle array on one side, its "ammunition and rations" ready, its Generals and camp sutlers and followers equally devoted to the common cause.

The real position of the Democratic party is on the other side. Across this line we must fight our battle; it will be the Armageddon of bribery and corruption and of Republicanism.—N. Y. World.

A young couple, of Allegheny, Pa., were married recently within one hour after their introduction to each other.

## The Republican Purchase.

### Right in the face of the fact that the Republicans will need the services of Mahone in the organization of the United States Senate, the Republican journals are discovering that he is a very poor Republican, and that his utter and final defeat will not be very much of a misfortune to the party. This should be taken in the nature of a humorous effort to be honest upon the part of the Republican journals. We can't see why Mahone is not just as good a Republican as he ever was. Garfield considered him such a good Republican that he placed the entire Federal patronage of Virginia in his hands and gave him the unlimited authority to dispose of it at his own pleasure. Mahone is just as good a Republican now as he was then, and this change of tune upon the part of the Republican organs has a sweet suggestiveness which can not be overlooked. It is too late in the day for the Republicans to find fault with their purchase. It was a square deal, open trade, and if there is anything about it, it is that Mahone has only too well carried out his part of the contract. The Republicans bought him without any defalcation or discount. They know exactly what they were getting, and were glad to get it. Such highly moral organs as the *New York Tribune* rejoiced greatly over the infamous transaction. Mahone was a prodigal son returning to his father's house, and a dozen fatted calves were none too many for the celebration of the family reunion. These prophets said Mahone's example would be imitated in every Southern State, and in a few years a prominent and influential Southern Democrat could not be found without a search for Mahone. There has been a fearful disappointment, and the *St. Louis Republican* says that the fact is—and this is what galls and disgusts the Republican purchasers—Mahone has done the party far more harm than good. It was odious enough in the South before, but he has managed to make it more odious. Not only this, but his methods in Virginia have not merely demoralized and disorganized the Republicans in that State, but sickened the better class in the North. At the very time this class were trying to get rid of the curse of "bossism" in New York and Pennsylvania, the spectacle of the meanest "bosses" in Virginia, supported by a Republican Administration, was not pleasant to look upon. Conkling and Cameron were angels of light compared with Mahone. They had some decency and dignity even in their worst acts; he had none, and did not pretend to any. From first to last he has been "on the make," and the fraud, corruption and rascality which Northern Republican "bosses" tried to conceal, this Southern Republican "boss" flaunted in the face of the world. To "assume a virtue if you have it not" was foreign to his nature, for virtue was "not" in his line of business, and the semblance of it might embarrass him. So he has gone on in his own way, and a very pretty way it is when studied from the standpoint of human depravity and impudence. The Republicans have got Mahone; now let us see them get rid of him. He is for them, a veritable "Old Man of the Sea" firmly seated on the shoulders of the party, and resolved to ride as long as legs and lungs hold out. The party has made itself responsible for him, and his, and that responsibility is an uncomfy heavy burden, as Republicans are now ascertaining to their sorrow and shame. It is safe to say that the next Mahone in the market will not be snapped up as quickly as was the present one. "A burnt child dreads the fire."—Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer.

Sneers at Democratic Complaints.

A deal of cheap wit is expended in sneers at Democrats because they complain when elections are notoriously bought. It is argued that such a charge is a confession of Democratic degradation; that it is a shameful, humiliating thing to conclude that Democratic virtue is not proof against the temptation of money; that a Democratic paper or public speaker who denounces the party is asserting that men who, if left to their own honest convictions of duty would vote for the Democratic ticket, are hired to vote for Republican candidates. But it seems to us, that the shame is on the other side; that the disgrace attaches to the party that bribes rather than to the party that is defeated by bribery. Throughout the entire North, embracing all the States north of Mason's and Dixon's line, a majority of the poor are Democrats. This fact is honorable to the Democratic party, for it shows that labor and poverty recognize that party as their friend. Republican legislation has put the earnings of the many poor into the coffers of the rich few. The laws framed by Republicans have robbed labor for the benefit of capital until we now have the National Government and many of the State Governments managed in the interest and controlled by the attorneys of millionaires and great corporations. When a National election comes on these millionaires and corporations put a few of the millions of which labor has been defrauded into a campaign corruption fund, so that the poor man's own earnings come back in his hour of distress, when poverty is pinching his family, to tempt him to vote against his judgment and conscience. These are facts of history, and we do not see that they disgrace the party to which the poor belong. A change of a few votes in every county changes the political complexion of a State and elects a President. It is not a strange thing that, under the operation of laws that rob the workingmen, there should be a few in every county who are so poor that they can be induced to sell their votes.—Washington Post.

Another telegraph company is announced. It is incorporated under the name of "The National," and promises to run from New York to Chicago, along the lines of the West Shore and the Nickel-plate Railroads. General Horace Porter is one of the projectors. Chicago Inter Ocean.

According to Commissioner Evans, there will be moonshiners in North Carolina and Tennessee as long as there are mountains in those States. He says he does not think illicit distilling can ever be fully stopped in those mountain regions.—N. Y. Sun.